

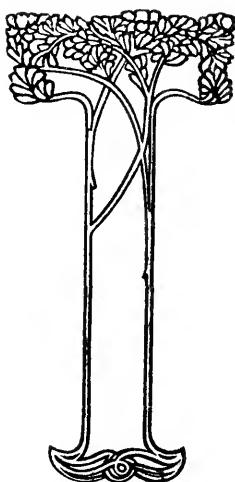
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THE BROWN DUSK



MAUDE HEALY

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J.P.P. 33

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DEDICATION.

To that Sweet Soul who was the first to mark
The flick'ring of a dim poetic fire,
Who put away from me the commonplace,
And set me on the Mountains of Desire.

To her, who ever held the noblest, best,
Before her young, uncomprehending child,
Who was herself the best of womankind,
Loving, sincere, self-sacrificing, mild.

To her, I now address this humble book,
Unfit expression for the heart I hold,
As heritage from Her who has herself,
The one most perfect gift, a heart of gold.

THE BROWN DUSK.

The Brown Dusk comes creeping round the
house;

The garden paths are full of brown shades;

In the shrubbery, the waving boughs

Are hung with shadows. The sunset fades

Out of the purple West. Veil on veil,

Of darkness floats above the dim trees.

The quaint vesper of the nightingale

Is borne upon the freshening breeze.

Spirits of the Past long laid away,

In sweet lavender and spicy musk,

Arise, and in the dim garden play,

Unnoticed and alone in the Brown Dusk.

QUO ANIMO.

With joy I seize my Calamus,
To start this little play,
This is the song of all of us,
This was our blythe heyday.

They lived across the street from us,
Or in another square.
Their voices sounded in our rooms,
Their footsteps on our stair.

These were the friends who stopped to tea,
Or sometimes came to dine;
The friends who ate our bread, and drank
Our water and our wine.

The friends who shared our little joys,
Our sorrows comforted,
Who played our games and sang our songs.
And sat beside our dead.

Dear friends, I've written out your hearts,
I've written mine out, too,
This life belonged to all of us,
To them and me and you.

MARY.

How few may we count in
When we say, "Steadfast, true,
Unselfish, faithful." Well, there's
At least, dear Mary—you.

Some look for praise in deeds,
And on their efforts place
A certain, worldly price.
You work in silent grace.

Ever in speech and act
Is kindness manifest;
Faithful to God and man;
Who calls you friend is blest.

A WOORNEEN.

Supposing I should say to you,
"Come out, dear heart, into the sun;
The flowers are blowing all about;
Come out, dear heart, for you are one.

"Here in the garden we'll forget
The ugly things that had to be;
I'll take your hand and lead you so,
To find a seat beneath a tree.

"Can you not laugh your sweet, old laugh?
Cannot the wind blow back the rose
Into that fair, nay dazzling cheek?"
[Heart of my heart, how gray she grows!]

What was it once we loved out here?
That barberry with berries red,
The Indian current, scarlet thorn,
Or that great, golden Canna bed?

There is our foaming, mimic sea,
Still beating on the patient shore!
The old high wind! Look up dear heart,
And lift your eyes, and laugh once more

THE ASTRAL LOVER.

On either side, the hedge was white
With English privet, and the sun
Sent golden envoys thru the trees,
To scout the path her feet should run.

On either side, above the hedge,
The apple blossoms caught the breeze
With sweet pink fingers, till he wrung
Them boldly from the apple trees.

They fell upon her as she passed.
They clung like pearls upon her hair,
And brushing 'gainst her rounded cheek,
They left a jeweled brightness there.

Who was she? No one that I knew.
(She looked like—and my heart beat fast.)
“Ah no! A stranger—strangely sweet,”
I told myself when she had passed.

On either side, the privet hedge,
And apple blossoms just above:
A spirit haunts the garden path,
The spirit of a sweet, lost love.

A DOOR-PLATE.

The high of heart alone can here abide!
Seek other taverns where the portals wide
Open to clown and lout, to Puritan and bore.
Bohemian Inns may boast a swinging door,
But there be those within who laugh and jeer
At the flat chested fool who enters here.
Only the high of heart, the keen of brain,
The strong, the rash, the bold can here remain.

THE EGOIST.

Make way :

I go unhindered to my doom.

If doom it be.

Say me not nay ;

I want a clear wide path ; the right

To tread it free.

If't be to triumph that I pass,

To glory and success,

Still would I make my way unbound.

Do thou—nor curse nor bless.

Make way !

Whatever fortune waits for me,

Say me not nay,

But let my path unhindered be.

A MEMORY.

The pine bound path winds round the river's
edge,

And up and down o'er many a risky ledge,
But who would seek adventurous trappings
there?

Oh! you—who made the spot a thoroughfare,
How much I miss you!

The golden sunlight drops between the trees;
Sweet sounds of bird and water ride the breeze;
Hot sands embrace my pink and dripping feet;
The turquoise sky shuts in a world complete—
And still I miss you!

Oh mystery elusive yet profound!
Oh great, dark eyes that held my heart spell-
bound,

Oh low, rich laugh that set the echoes free,
Oh quick, sharp glance that scarce took heed
of me,

How much I miss you!

The pine bound path winds round the river's brim,
And up and down nor any trace of him,
Who made the wilderness a thoroughfare,
And I who came heart-free without a care,
Sit here and miss you!

APPRECIATION.

Fate gave my brother a castle and lands,
Orchards, tilled fields and a great timbered waste,
But she tendered the fragrant wind to me,
Rich with the scent of his bowed apple trees.
She sent me the wavering summer rain,
The purple road and at last the blue stars.

Fate gave my brother a ship on the sea,
With full white sails and a glittering bow,
But she tossed the silvery spume to me,
And the keen, salt vigor of sea-born air,
And she sang in my heart the sailor's song,
When he lifts his voice in praise of the sea.

Fate gave my brother true kinsmen and friends.
A wife and sweet children to bear his name,
But she put the love of God in my soul,
Now which of her gifts would you choose, **say**
you?

I long for a castle and lands perhaps,
For a white sailed ship and a cheerful home,
But the wind and the rain, the stars and sea,
Chide,—“Envy him not, for he knows not us.”

A FAREWELL.

A hush fell on the world when He went.
The city streets grew, of a sudden, grey,
His moving train sent back a thick, black smoke,
And laughter died in challenging dismay.

A silence fell on me and all my world;
The crowd pushed coldly by with purpose grim;
I wondered if they heard the cobbles cry,
(As I did) how they missed, and wanted Him.

A hush fell on the world when He went.
No sound of music howe'er faint and far,
Of engines puffing out a thick, black smoke!
Silence! I must get back to where the hearth
fires are.

KOOA.

Oh Wand'rer of the World, come home!
A peat fire glows in Maeve's houseen.
The red sun lights the amber sky;
I run the length of Maeve's boreen,
And look towards your lost ship and cry.
Oh Wanderer of the World come back,
The candles glimmer through the pane,
The white moon rises like a soul,
But newly purged of earth's red stain,
While I in clinging, crimson robes,
Stretch out my empty arms in vain.
Black clouds across the white moon roll,
But red fires in Maeve's houseen burn.
Oh Wanderer of the World return!

BWILE.

My passion tosses in me like the sea,
That wildly leaps, and wildly falls again;
Unsatisfied, it rushes into foam,
Unsatisfied, subsides and creeps away.
And ever leaping madly in its hope,
With many a roar of triumph and delight,
And ever sinking mutely in despair,
It makes incessant turmoil in my breast.
My passion crashes blindly through my heart,
And breaks with fury over doubt and fear,
And all the rocks that vainly hem it in,
It plunges on through all the nights and days,
Through all the bars that strive to hold it down,
And breaks in frenzy, but to rise again.

KATHLEEN NI HOULIHAN.

Who remembers Kathleen now,
Kathleen of the flashing eye?
They speak her name
With fear and shame,
But never so will I.

Kathleen Ni Houlihan is fair,
And a proud eye hath she,
She wears a look of the high born;
Her eyes flash out with sudden scorn,
Or mock you with their glee;
And clouds of misty spun-gold hair
Drift round her comely head.
I gaze on her, and unaware
My heart is comforted.

Who remembers Kathleen now,
That held her head so high,
The wand'ring Sidhes,
And the great Ard Righs,
Of the brave days gone by?

Kathleen Ni Houlihan is sad,
Round her father's towers she moans,
For the brave that are dead,
For the glory that's fled,

And the hearts that are turned to stones.
But I look up. My heart is glad.
I see a distant day,
When Kathleen, on her ancient throne,
Will hold her ancient sway.

Who remembers Kathleen now?
A little faithful band,
Who love the green gem of the sea,
The little bright, green land.

Kathleen Ni Houlihan is sweet.
To them—the faithful few,
Who love the story of her past,
And to her still in faith hold fast,
And to her still are true.
They speak her half-forgotten tongue;
Her history repeat;
Her folk-tales on their lips are hung;
To them—Kathleen is sweet.

Who remembers Kathleen now?
Kathleen of the flashing eye?
They speak her name,
In fear and shame,
But never so will I!

PITY SYLVIA.

Pity Sylvia,
Do not chide her,
For the gods alone can tell
Who has cast her in this spell,
Saint from Heaven or imp from hell,
Angel, demon, witch or fay,
That she dreams her life away.

Pity Sylvia,
Do not chide her,
Do not let your wit deride her.
Pity Sylvia.

Pity Sylvia,
Do not blame her,
All Life's sweets have on her cloyed;
Earth seems meaningless and void;
Seeks she now some asteroid,
Past the last dark rim of night,
In lost heavens of delight,
Pity Sylvia,
Do not blame her,
Some kind spirit may reclaim her,
Pity Sylvia.

Pity Sylvia,
Do not mock her,
She was once as bright and gay
As Felicia, Bell or May,
Quite as dashing too, as they,
What if now her heart is dumb,
Sense of ecstasy is numb,

Pity Sylvia,
Do not mock her,
Do not let your chaffings shock her,
Pity Sylvia.

Pity Sylvia,
Pity, love her,
Thus perhaps her heart you'll warm,
Thus you'll break the wicked charm,
And thus shelter her from harm.
Lest a statue she remain,
Pray you lift the geasa's chain.

Pity Sylvia,
Pity, love her,
Thus her true heart you'll discover,
Pity Sylvia.

TO MY LOVE.

If I lived with you,
This is what I'd do:
In the morning this—
Wake you with my kiss.
Whisper in your ear,
"Sweet, the day is here.
Open your dear eyes.
Love! 'tis time to rise.
See the yellow sun
Has his work begun.
Flower, grass and tree
Hail him merrily.
Tears of morn are dry,
By the sun kissed by,
And the warbler sings
Where the poplar flings
Her silver leaves,
Underneath the eaves.
Come, my dear, arise
To this Paradise."

If I lived with you,
The day we'd pursue
With happy laughter.
Work and play after:
Think and read and write

To our heart's delight;
Make some money, too,
Just to prove it true
Brains are worth the while.
How it makes me smile
To think what I'd do,
If I lived with you!

If I lived with you,
When the evening blue
Came stealing down street,
I'd sit at your feet;
Listen while you read,
Hand upon my head.
Then when night slipped in,
And the wan moon's thin
Beams moved o'er the floor,
We would read no more.
In your arms I'd creep,
Nestle there and sleep,
Dreaming heaven came true,
Because I lived with you.

SURRENDER.

So many places have I known and loved,
And none of these has soothed me like your
 breast!

There were the pine woods of Onekama,
The balsam burdened air, the cone-strewn
 ground;

The hills that swept above me to the sky;
The loudly murmuring brooks that fled the hills;
And the moist paths that lured beyond the pines.

So many wild things have I known and loved,
And none of these has stirred me like your voice!
There was the ocean booming on the beach;
The full tide cuddling on the yellow sand,
Till the great ocean's passion drew it back;
There was the cry of herring-gull and tern,
As the fierce storm wind drove them from
 the sea.

So much of nature have I known and loved,
And none of it has quelled me like your eyes!
There was the canyon, awesome in its gloom;
The eucalyptus challenging the world;
The redwood forests, dark and hushed and deep;
The mountain tops an arm's length from the sky;
And the wild clouds that beat about the peaks.

So many places have I known and loved,
And only one spot where my heart can rest!
And once Peace slept beside me!—slept, until—
Stirred by the passion in your eager voice,
Quelled by the power in your bold brown eyes,
Trembling, I yielded, eyes and hands and lips—
And gently sank to slumber on your breast.

VESTA.

I am as lonely as the Hour of Death,
When tearful friends bid you depart alone,
And watch the mystery of failing breath,
And speed your exit to the great Unknown.

I am as lonely as the Hour of Death,
When no one else can go your darkened way,
And, clinging to some childish hope and faith,
You hear the ones who loved you sob and pray.

I am as lonely as the Hour of Death,
This spacious house is silent through and
through;
In all the rooms no sound of sleeper's breath,
And through the hush comes back the thought
of you.

A ghost, you glide into this silent room;
Your vivid astral presence I behold,
Like glowing, dancing firelight chase the gloom,
And then like dying firelight, leave me cold.

I am as lonely as the Hour of Death,
Too long this weary vigil I have kept,
And blown the flame of love with sobbing breath,
While undisturbed the careless bridegroom slept.

YOUTH.

Oh rare and radiant summer day!
Then shadows creeping the day to meet,
With fading sunlight and fading sounds,
And hurrying crowds in the darkening street.

Oh rare and radiant summer night!
What cloying sweetness subdues the air?
What mystery cleaves the commonplace,
And thrills the frivolous thoroughfare?

Oh rare and radiant man and maid!
Oh first sweet lover and first deep love,
How high this heaven seems from the street,
And once it was just three flights above!

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

To Ada.

Speakest thou of her?

Then speak of lilies in the morning dew,
Or Alpine snowfields in a noonday glow,
Or summer breezes searching violet beds,
And blowing over seas of lilac bloom;
Or speak of angels guarding us at night,
Or children praying at communion rails.
As white as lilies is she, high and white
As Alpine snowdrifts in the light of noon,
As sweet as lilac breezes in the spring,
And winds that murmur over violets.
The first wild rose bloom is she, or the heart
Crushed out of jasmine; or (I love to think)
The breath I breathe when entering balsam
woods,
Her heart is kind but strong, and like the oak
In fibre, and from flesh like hers are made
The noble of all times.
Love kissed her in the morning and all day,
She walks above us just below the stars.
Pain does she bear as if it were a bliss,

And holding pleasure in her open palms,
Scatters it wide among us lesser men.
To make her happy, I would give her all
Of earth and more, if it were mine to give,
And failing then, would steal a part of Heaven.

SOLOMON SEALS.

I put three seals upon me,
Of lip and hand and breast,
And I turn my eyes to the mountains;
God grant that I find rest.

A seal on my lips—God willing,
I henceforth fast and pray;
A seal on my hands, my brothers,
From earth, I turn away.

And lastly I put upon me,
A seal upon my breast,
Alone—I turn to the mountains,
God grant that I find rest.

DEPARTED JOY.

Where did Joy go?
Surely I saw him on this street,
Yet who could match his footsteps fleet?
And though I ran on winged feet,
As after him I sped,
Before me, far, he fled.

Where did Joy go?
Surely I saw him at this door,
Where ofttimes he had stopped before,
And will he stop here nevermore?
And shall I wait in vain,
To welcome him again?

Where did Joy go?
Surely I saw him in your eyes,
And radiant in love's disguise,
Joy wakened joy in me likewise,
But he has run away.
Direct me where, I pray!

THE QUEST.

I was a little pilgrim beating at their door
With numb and purple hands, but now I knock
no more.

I was a little pilgrim with a hungry heart,
Who saw their meal spread out, and humbly
asked a part;

But they refused it me, and sadly I went on;
They thrust a candle out, when I was barely
gone,

Into the street, to mark the way my footsteps
bent,

But candles gleam not far into the night's black
tent.

I slipped beneath the door-flap and lay down
content.

IN REPLY TO A. P.'S "VILLANELLE OF
UNKNOWN HOUSES."

Expecting thee—to whomsoever knocks,
Shall I say, "Come!"
Whatever wand'ring stranger finds my door,
May he find—Home!

And if thou find'st it not in wandering,
Then know thou this—
I shall await with listening heart each step,
Thinking, "'Tis His!"

TO ANNA.

Brighter than this bright day,
More sunny than the sun,
Cheerful, contented, gay,
A synonym for fun.

Is all hope lost, life drear—
A faded, listless thing?
Let Anna come along,
And sorrow is awing.

A laugh upon her lips,
A jest upon her tongue,
A better bard than I,
Her praises should have sung.

Has trouble come her way?
If so, we never knew.
Such a brave heart and strong!
Such a kind heart and true!

TO MARGARET D————

Comrade of many a happy, twilight walk,
Beloved and proved through many pleasant
 years,
Never too tired out to lend a hand,
Or go another's merrymaking way.
Most faithful heart, serene and cheerful soul,
A far, bright heaven waits for such as you,
And yet, I hope, a nearer heaven lies,
Some closer joy, an earthly paradise.

FATHER.

A kind man, a good man,
A dear man is father.
Mother's highest praise is
"Not a bit of bother."

A stern man, a cold man,
A silent man is he,
A strong man, a brave man,
None nobler could there be.

A wise man, a just man,
As honest as the day,
A true man, a poor man,
I hardly need to say.

A kind man, a good man,
A dear man is father.
Mother never thinks him
The least bit of bother.

SIGNS.

Rappings underneath the floor;
Creakings in the wall;
Voices moaning at the door;
Ghost-steps in the hall;
What does it mean at all, children?
What does it mean at all?

Lights aflicker; lights burn blue;
Flames of the fire leap high;
Dogs abarking whole night through;
Someone is going to die!
Latch-lifting and nobody nigh!
Somebody's going to die!

GAN.

Someone is calling me
Outside in the rain.
Here beside the window
My face to the pane.
I hear someone call me,
Call and call again.

Night is dimly falling;
Ah! 'tis wet and cold!
But one without needs me,
And makes my heart bold.
From him who calls, calls me,
Nothing me can hold.

PEACE.

Under the stars, I made my bed,
Spice-wood branches under my head,
Boughs of spruce and needles of pine,
Sprigs of balsam and leaves of thyme,
Below the hill, loud boomed the sea,
The gray moon's shadow quiv'ringly,
Had laid its silver on the shore,
Where the sea washed it o'er and o'er.
I heard the rhythm of the breeze
Beat overhead among the trees,
Then to my cheek, the night-wind crept,
To kiss me once before I slept,
And I breathed low, and I breathed deep,
And sank into a dreamless sleep.

HOC FACTO PROELIO.

Dear love, if you had come last night,
Before the morn brought chilly night,
Perhaps I had not strength to say,
"Go, love. I dare not bid you stay."
You came not, and the morning white
Stole in upon my fevered night.
Chill dawn! The warm night died in gloom;
Grey shadows crept about the room;
And then, dear love, my heart said, "Nay!"
'Twere well thou didst not come. 'Tis day."

A WINTER SKETCH.

Bare, charcoaled trees, blue shadowed on the
snow;

Grey clouds and in the west a dull, red glow;

One flame of sunset licks the passive skies;

Burns without radiance; flickers once and **dies**.

Grey skirts of twilight trail across the snow;

Outlines of trees melt out; the night winds **blow**.

And then on shifting snows, fresh snowflakes
fall;

Winds cuddle down, and soon—night over all.

AUNTIE B.

I used to love to have her come,
When I was young and gay.
She had a hearty, careless laugh,
A manner free and gay.
I used to hate to see her go away.

She wore a stylish, velvet hat
Upon her thick brown hair,
She had a pair of shiny boots
That squeaked upon the stair;
I used to love to run and meet her there.

I used to like her "coppers" too,
But not more than her kiss;
I used to hang about her neck,
And thought it perfect bliss.
And all her "bags of sweets" were not
To be compared in ecstasy to this.

She used to come up every week;
I always knew the day.
I used to beg her "not to go,"
And then I used to pray
She'd live to be a hundred and a day.

EMILY.

Sit down and talk of Emily,
“Dear Emily,” you say,
And tears will rise up every time,
Since she has gone away.

Sweet Emily, gay Emily,
I hear her pleasant laugh,
As up the hall she fluttering comes
With merry gibe and chaff.

Kind Emily, brave Emily,
Such a sweet nature hers!
Remembrance of our comradeship
A thought of sorrow stirs.

Some day perhaps she'll ring our bell;
With rapture I'll jump up,
To hear the sudden barking of
A certain Boston pup.

And then I'll clasp her in my arms,
“Feathers and furs” and all,
And we'll laugh and cry together
Over little Emily H——

THE TECHAU TAVERN.

This was a chapel once! And now—café,
Fashion's resort—a pretty place to dine!
Here glittering ladies sit, and sip their wine,
Where once the contrite sinner came to pray.

Here the sleek merchant carves the juicy roast,
To trombone's toot or scrape of violin;
While now and then above the merry din,
The college freshman shouts a maudlin toast.

This was a chapel once! Behold the nave,
The carven stalls, and pillared gallery,
Where meagre priests once knelt in reverie,
And meditation how their souls to save.

This was a chapel once! Across the floor,
Black robes of acolytes were wont to trail.
From sacred goblets, holy as the Grail,
Would servitors a pure libation pour.
Behold the sacrilege—to Bacchus now,
And all the gods of indolence we pour!

THE CHOICE.

“A crown or a cap and bells, choose ye!”
And the fool he chose the crown,
And he sat himself on a golden throne,
And none could drag him down.

“Did e’er you see such a foolish king?”
Said his subjects great and small.
“He rules the land like a simpleton,
Sure he is no king at all.”

But he who favored the cap and bells
Has been feted ever since.
The people say—“’Tis a royal knave,
Sure I think the fool’s a prince.”

The moral is this, my patient friends,
E’er you crown yourself a king,
A cap and bells make a good disguise,
And motley’s the proper thing.

THE HARBOR LIGHT AND BELL.

TO E. F. Y.

I heard a bell ring through the fog
One misty night at sea,
And whispered out a frightened prayer,
"How good is God to me."

The bell rang out a warning loud,
"Oh good ship, come not near,
Ye cannot see thru mist and fog,
But a low reef is here."

I saw a light flash thru the dark,
A long white beam it shed,
Across a black and tossing sea,
'Twas Fastnet Rock ahead.

"By Grace of God and care of man
The light on Fastnet shines!
Keep out, good ship, keep far beyond
The wild rock's dim confines."

"God keep the harbor light and bell,"
The sailors pray at night,
And thus pray I, "God keep the one
Who is our Harbor Light."

“Who is the clear bell in the fog
Upon a mist-dimmed sea!
God keep her safe to shine and ring
Thru darkness steadfastly.”

God keep her! That our earnest hands
May bring ships safe to shore,
May pile great cargoes on the wharves,
And work in peace once more.

God Keep her; whom we love and trust,
Oh Harbor Light and Bell!
That we may rest this bitter night,
And know that all is well.

LAST WAIL OF THE GIB CAT

'Twas a bold stroke that!
And stirred my own soul's mastery of self.
That tear you saw atremble on my lash
Went back forever to its hiding place.
That anxious note that struck you in my voice
Has changed to music of a firmer sort.
My moods—uncertain as a baby's steps—
Have found their balance, and go hence with
force.

'Twas not for you, however, that I wept.
Who weeps for soldiers till the battle's done?
And yours is scarcely more than half begun.
For Her, my tears—the white robed devotee,
Who kneels no more to pray for him at night.
But you have struck for me the master blow
On all such weakness, and have left me dry;
Forever curbed my feelings lachrymose.
No more shall I drop fainting with regret,
No more, with tears, implore of Fate some peace.
Whatever now is waiting I will seek,
And be it gay or be it sorrowful,
Behold!—With laughter will I meet my Fate.

FIAMETTA AD BOCCACCIO—1907.

'Tis summer time once more, Boccaccio mio!
In the Italian gardens—what delight!
Behind a latticed window in my villa,
I catch the promise of a radiant night.

Up to the lattice comes the night-wind creeping,
In its warm arms, the rose has swooned away,
And breeze and rose, upon my casement leaning,
Whisper the secrets of a bygone day.

Hast thou forgotten? Once, Boccaccio mio,
On a warm night—perhaps it was in June—
(Sweet air and rose are beating with remem-
brance.

Hast thou alone forgotten it so soon?)

Boccaccio! Time itself is tired of waiting!
What can it be thy anxious heart debates?
While Fiametta—ah Boccaccio mio!
Dost love her? Know then—Fiametta waits.

THE LITTLE LAMP OF LOVE.

I have a window in my room,
The other windows far above,
And on the stone ledge wide and high,
I placed my Little Lamp of Love.

The woods beneath my windows lie;
Across the woods the ocean roars;
And far beyond the ocean's rim,
Is one my heart of hearts adores.

Oh may his ship see my small light!
The stars are sunken under clouds;
The woods are like a black stone wall;
A pale gray mist the ocean shrouds.

What hope for one small tossing craft,
Unless my Lamp of Love shines bright?
Oh gleam through pale gray mist, and lead
My lover to the port to-night.

CONTENTMENT.

I.

I wear the past upon me like a crown,
Nor try to hide its good or evil ways;
For all that I have known of life and love,
Thanks! Giver of the good and evil days.

II.

Nothing in the vague far future beckons,
Nothing in the dim, lost past betrays,
Thus I wait in cool and sweet contentment,
The long processional of pleasant days.

THE GHOST.

Without there's someone weeping,
Oh bridegroom, come and see!
There's someone wringing hands without—
Oh bridegroom, who is she?

The guests have lifted glasses;
Drink not the toast, I pray!
There's someone moaning at your door,
Oh bridegroom, come away!

The rosy bride is drinking,
Her glass falls to the floor,
Her eyes are wide with terror.
That moaning at the door!

The guests are making merry;
They sing aloud in glee—
A white face at the window!
And whose face may it be?

What pleasure at the wedding feast?
Oh bridegroom do not stay!
A girl's form lying in the grass—
Oh bridegroom come away.

PASSIONATE LOVE.

Passionate Love and I held converse,
(Passionate Love is strong.)
Will he be slave, and shall I be master,
Or will he rule life-long?

There sat Passionate Love, a giant,
And I would have him go,
But he stayed on; in strength grew vaster,
We argued con and pro.

Passionate Love and I were fighting;
Passionate Love gave way;
Down he went to my heart's last dungeon.
Alas! I rue the day.

TO A PHILANDERER.

You love her, don't you?
And I love you!
I shouldn't say it
(Altho' it's true.)
Since you love her,
That I love you.

You kissed me, smiling,
Would she have smiled?
Had she known that time,
How you beguiled
My heart with a kiss,
I was such a child!

I was young and near,
And I didn't know!
But now I am wise,—
Behold I go!
I leave you, saying,
"I did not know."

You'll love her, will you?
When I am gone?
(You'll have but our dreams
To think upon.)
Or will you love me
When I am gone?

Will you love us both
When we are dead,
And some new, fair face
Smiles in our stead?
Will our faces smile,
When we are dead?

TO HELEN.

So much of love had dripped away,—
I caught the goblet to my lips,
But cast it from me in dismay,
What bitter draught a rouse sips!

So much of love had dripped away—
I knew that love was bitter-sweet,
But such a glass I drank that day,
May never mortal tippler meet.

A Hebe held it to my lips;
Her beauty might a god inspire;
No sculptor could her grace eclipse;
The wine she gave was liquid fire.

I took the goblet from her hand.
I whispered, "Love and Life I take;
My earthly goods you may command;
My soul I'd pawn for your dear sake."

I heard her laugh; I heard her say,
"Drink of the wine, it's strong and hot,
But take the glass, and go your way;
I love you not, I love you not."

I heard her laugh. My spirit hears
The distant tinkle of her mirth;
I think 'twill echo down the years,
'Till I shall totter off the earth.

Dear lads, with soft down on your cheeks,
I bid you claim your maid today.
While youth is yours fear not to speak,
Let not the love draught drip away.

LIGHT LOVE.

This presence "Joy" keeps tagging at my heels
'Tis not at all the way that Joy should go,
Love being gone, the penitence one feels,
Should frown on ling'ring Joy, and answer

"No!"

To every plea that, "It may come along."
"Dear Joy," I say, "O leave me to my fate.
Hushed is the voice of Love, and hushed the
song,

That from his dear lips flowed, and I await,
The fines of mortality—alone—"
But joy will not be driven from my side,
And though I gaze on her with eyes of stone,
She follows in my steps or runs to guide
Me, to the paths where Pleasure's children hide,
And so I laugh while other hearts make moan.

MIZPAH.

Until we meet again!
What shall I say?
What message leave with you,
What thought to stay,
Deep in your heart beloved,
Until we meet again?

Until we meet again,
What hours must pass!
What griefs our souls will rend,
What fears harass?
Here we must part beloved,
Shall we not meet again?

Never to meet again!
Yet we are here.
I touch your hand, your cheek,
I kiss you dear.
What shall I say, beloved?
Pray we may meet again?

When could we meet again?
I cross the sea,
That twixt us two shall roar
Unceasingly.
You cannot follow me.
How shall we meet again?

"In heaven we'll meet again,"
You don't believe—
A dream it is that you
Cannot conceive.
It is a hollow plea,
"In heaven we'll meet again!"

Yet till we meet again,
Work thou and pray.
Dream of me and forget
This counterplay.
That wrought for us such **woe**.
I know we'll meet again.

Until we meet again,
Sweet, do you hear?
Morning and night I'll cry,
"I love you dear."
One long, long kiss! I go!
"Until we meet again!"

SUFFRAGE.

A TOAST READ AT THE W. C. W. GUILD BANQUET.

I do not rise to sing "The Suffragette,"
That bold and gay Ca Ira of the day,
I'd rather harp on Dante's Beatrice,
Or praise old Petrarch's Laura in my lay.

But while my heart's for sweet and simple maids,
For modest virgins and for prudent wives,
My mind keeps wand'ring back to ancient queens
Whose deeds are chronicled in old archives.

Now when I came to write this dithyramb,
A cloud of females hung about my chair,
Semiramis, Aoiffé, Sargosso's maid,
And Teleki with flying golden hair.

Boadicea, one of Britain's queens,
Who long resisted Rome's imperial train,
Fair Catalina, holy nun and knight,
Who fought against the Moors for Christian
Spain.

"Oh, long ago, so very long ago,
We proved our own pre-eminence," they said,
These times are yours—go forth and prove your
own,
And when I asked them how, behold they fled.

And so I fell to pondering on the theme—
Perhaps we modern maids are somewhat slight
In character, and maids and matrons, too,
Will bend in homage when a man's in sight.

Not so of old—mark, Tomyris, the queen,
Was wooed by Cyrus, him they call the Great,
(He wishing to reduce Massagitæ,
And thus the Scythians to subjugate).

But Tomyris, the wary, would not take
The mighty Cyrus' most illustrious name,
Nay—rather scorned him, fought him, slew him
in the field,

Oh, ladies! which of you would do the same?

One says the home is woman's fit abode,
And rearing children is her proper sphere;
Sometimes it seems that waiting homes are scarce,
And no young anxious Benedicts appear.

[Have we not one Adonis in our midst,
So fair they tell me that he oft has won
The Golden Aphrodite, and alarmed
At his success, has into covert run.]

The question I had asked of them was this:
"What place held woman since the world began?"
The answer they denied me must have been,
"The plaything, she, the slave and toy of man."

If young and soft and beautiful she be,
If small of hand, of ankle, waist and head,
Then put her in a stunning tailor-made,
And give her to the tyrant man to wed.

But if she's cast in somewhat coarser mold,
If large of intellect and not so fair,
Well—let her teach the heathen, if she choose,
Or study law—or trot off anywhere.

A song keeps running in my troubled mind,
“Are we such slender bits of porcelain then?
Have we not—those of us who were not slaves,
Kept pace with, fought with, even conquered men?”

If 'twere the battlefield our quest were won:
Who'd keep brave Molly Pitcher from her rights?
A man will always to the sex give way,
When he discovers that the woman fights.

But in the world of letters and of art,
What deeds to wrest the franchise from our
peers?

Go ladies, get your Brownings and Van Dykes,
Your Fra Angelicas, your great Shakespeares.

Who here a new Bacona now may prove,
Newtona or Victoria Hugo pray?
Is there no Miltona, no Handella,
No Michael Angeline to paint us pray?

But was there not Bonheur to daub us free;
Sappho to sing our bonds and chains away;
Another Browning, too—an Eliot,
Guizot, de Stael, Madame de Sevigne?

Perhaps the great and good ones are at rest;
No Paula rules upon Mount Aventine;
Heroic Miriam's voice is silent now;
And fair Theresa dwells in realms divine.

The times are somehow dull—inglorious;
To commonplaces we must now descend;
On earthborn laws we ponder and debate,
And women make the franchise seem an end.

An end that we assembled here shall see
In visions only, like the golden grapes
Of Eschol hanging on Tomorrow's Trees
At which the curious Man in wonder gapes.

Reductio ad absurdum, you will say,
And such indeed I meant the whole to be,
Araneorum telas texere;
De lana caprini rixari.

THE THUNDERER.

Oh, great unquiet heart!
Why will you send your thunder over hills
Where many rumblings break the silent night;
Where flash on flash of lightning splits the dark?
Shine on these peaks where other lightnings fail;
Roll o'er these mountain tops that echo back
No neighboring heralds of approaching hosts.

Oh, great unquiet heart!
Fill up the empty chambers of my life.
Make sound and light where all is still and dark;
Beat on my own calm heart whence life runs
 slow;
Make sudden thund'rous music in my ears;
Flash all your quiv'ring brightness on my soul;
And share your lusty grace of youth with me.

LOVE.

I was gray when I looked in the glass
Just a moment before.

My heart throbbed; my head ached; my throat
burned;

And my eyelids were sore.

Then the knob creaked; I wheeled in my chair;
And you stood at the door.

There you gleamed, a branch of red berries,
A tall rose, a young pine,

In your hunters green velvet, and furs
Russian sables so fine.

I said with more joy than you dream of,
"She's glorious—and mine!"

"The glow of the autumn is on her,"
Murmured I in my pride.

"The salvia has painted her cheeks,
And her bright lips are dyed

With rose hips. And nut brown are the eyes
Of the fair one, my bride.

"Or the glow of the hearth-fire has played
On the curve of her cheeks!

And the light that leaps out from her eyes
Is a pure soul that speaks."

Ah, not often such warmth rushes in,
When the door handle creaks.

I was gray when I looked in the glass,
 Just a moment before.
Now my heart throbs with life, pulses full,
 Ready now to adore,
And forget that the world is a cheat,
 When you stand in the door.

THE WOOER.

I saw the curved prow of his ship,
Red-painted; saw the long oars dip,
And swing high o'er the curved boatside;
Saw the skiff down the river glide;
Saw the two boatmen row away,
The river not more still than they.

Alone, upon the prow he stood,
In bold and virile manlihood;
Arms folded on expanded chest,
Eyes fixed upon the purple west,
Where lay a flattened bar of gold,
The sunset dragon's wide threshold.

Upon his head, he wore a crown
Of feathers, deeply dyed with brown,
Purple and yellow, and below
A beaded band of indigo.
His copper-colored limbs were bare;
And braided in his jet black hair
Were leather throngs of raw cowhide.
Strung on a bead belt at his side,
Hung a brown pouch, and on his wrists
Gleamed purple stones like amethysts.

He wore a bracelet on his arm;
Around his neck a granite charm,

And two small silver coins for luck.
Under his feet, a dead roebuck,
A copper box of scarlet beads,
Two blankets, and a thousand reeds
For baskets, forty skins of fur—
The gifts he meant to offer Her.

I saw that glorious boatride,
Noted the wooer, and his pride.
I saw the curved prow of his ship
Red-painted; saw the long oars dip;
Saw the brave warrior face the west,
And prayed he make a great conquest.

SEUMAS BEG.

Seumas Beg, I love you!
Seumas Beg! Seumas Beg!
In your beard's a grayish thread,
There's a gray patch on your head,
Oh, the years that we've been dead,
Seumas Beg! Seumas Beg!
Seumas Beg, I love you.

Seumas Beg, I love you!
Seumas Beg! Seumas Beg!
Let's forget we're growing old,
Let's forget the creeping cold,
Let's forget the touch of mold;
Seumas Beg! Seumas Beg!
Seumas Beg, I love you.

Seumas Beg, I love you!
Seumas Beg! Seumas Beg!
Forty were you yesterday,
Or fifty was it, who shall say?
How the years have slipped away!
Seumas Beg! Seumas Beg!
Seumas Beg, I love you.

Seumas Beg, I love you!
Seumas Beg! Seumas Beg!
Tall and gaunt and old and dry—

This much I can certify,
Once you had a flashing eye.
Seumas Beg! Seumas Beg!
Seumas Beg, I love you.

Seumas Beg, I love you!
Seumas Beg! Seumas Beg!
Loved you once and love you still,
As for that I *always* will,
Ready now to walk down hill.
Seumas Beg! Seumas Beg!
Seumas Beg, I love you.

WAITING.

He is out there, beyond the last blue line of hills,
 And I am here,
The distant, purple skyline wavers in my sight,
 Blurred by a tear.

He is out there, where sagebrush covers all the
 plain,
 And cacti grow,
And where the alkali upon the desert sand
 Glimmers like snow.

He is out there, shut from me by the far, blue
 hills—
 With all things new.
Let him remember, with a yearning heart, his
 home.
 God keep him true!

E PITHI E APITHI.

The cup of life you poured for me—
Wormwood and gall—
I lift and drink a toast—"To thee"
Yea: drink I all.

The sweets of life I would not take,
Another giving,
In this grim cup, my thirst I slake,
And die though living.

TO W. B.

There's a shingle house in Berkeley,
And it's there I long to be,
At the gateway of the canon,
Twixt the mountains and the sea,

There's a shingle house in Berkeley,
Where the wee, red roses twine,
And might I choose a dwelling-place,
That shingle house were mine.

There's a shingle house in Berkeley,
Fir-hedged from the street,
And there with rose and jasmine,
I'd fain make my retreat.

There's a shingle house in Berkeley,
And it's there I long to be;
But, oh sweetheart, the sorrow!
Wert thou not there with me.

COIGNY.

O Patrick Magee was a bit of a rogeen,
A rascally lad with a touch of the brogeen,
He loved a good drink, and he loved a good
dinner,
And as he grew fat, sure his purse it grew
thinner.

Said Patrick, "I'm thinking my stomach's too
healthy,
'Tis sorry I am that I was not born wealthy,
But I have a scheme, sure no plan could be finer
I'll hire myself out as professional diner."

" 'Tis a bit of a joke and a bit of a story,
A toast, and this gossoom will be in his glory."
So Pat fell to studying jokes and repartee,
And now at fine banquets he sits and eats hearty.

O Patrick Magee, you're the scamp of a rogeen!
And it's I that have laughed at your wit and
your brogeen.

ADMIRATION.

Where seven cedars stand upon the ledge
Distinct from all the rest,
Most sacred spot upon the river's edge,
That spot I love the best.

Where seven shafts of purple marble rise,
A woodland peristyle.
Where dryads peep, and the kingfisher flies,
'Twas there I made him smile.

The cliffs break sharply off on either hand,
One rock alone stands out;
A broad bend of the river to command,
I climbed these hills about.

I stood beneath the seven cedars' shade,
Topping the river's brim,
And thro' the pillars of my colonnade,
I caught a glimpse of him.

"And isn't it a lovely sight?" I said.
And straight to me, "It is."
He smiled, and would not turn away his head,
"There's nothing else like this."

THE FLIRT.

Who saw Donal go away?
In the morning early,
When the grass before the door
With the dew was pearly?

Sheila who owns the brown cow,
She thought no lad was bolder,
She saw Donal go, and cried
Into the brown cow's shoulder.

Who saw Donal go away?
Soldierlike, a-marchin'!
He went away to London
To make a splendid fortune.

Moire of the great Black Bog,
Gray mules and green peat cart,
She saw Donal go away,
Said he was her sweetheart.

Who saw Donal go away?
Into the great city?
Norah, Mary, Brihgid, Mag,
Hannah, Rose and Kitty.

They got up before the dawn
When the grass was pearly,
And cried behind the thorn hedge,
In the morning early.

Who saw Donal go away?
All the girls he petted.
If Sheila knew that Norah cried,
Then would she have fretted?

WITH THE GIFT OF A BIT OF LACE.

Over the sea they are making it for you,
Blinding their eyes in the tedious task,
And we who have bought it—we who adore **you**,
Seeing you wear it, is all that we ask.

Note how the delicate flowers are woven,
Making a pattern intricate and rare,
Thus would I twine you with love that is **proven**.
Thus I your beauty would bind and ensnare.

Note how the blossoms are making a border,
Circling the collar with petal and leaf,
Thus would I compass your thoughts, and **be**
warder,
Gentle as these, of your joy and your grief.

Fain would I lie where the lace lies in **splendor**,
Warmly and firmly secure on your breast,
Hiding emotions delightful and tender,
Clinging with fondness to her I love best.

SPRING FEVER.

Oh, white field of clover! Oh, white field of
clover,

Oh, brown path that runs to the wood,

Oh, white cows that tramp the field over and
over,

I'd run to you now if I could.

I'd sit on the grass, and I'd braid me a necklace
Of clover blooms tinted and white,

Then down to the woods, I'd run barefoot and
reckless,

And stay there from morning to night.

Oh, white cows that tramp the field over and
over,

Oh, brown pools that shine in the sun,

Oh, meadow grass sparkling with daisies and
clover,

The day of your empire's begun.

Oh, white field of clover! Oh, white field of
clover!

Oh, brown path that runs to the wood!

Oh, white cows that tramp the field over and
over,

I'd run to you now if I could.

I AM!

TO M. AND M.

I am—

Love tortures me with kisses,
And leaves me weeping all alone;
Love burns my soul with blisses,
And turns from me as hard and cold as stone;
And still—I am.

I am—

I lift my burdens sadly,
And bear them painfully the day,
Then pleasures come, and gladly
I laugh, and sorrow steals away.
Joy, anguish, grief and rapture,
Pleasure and pain are passing things;
All unaware, they capture
My heart, with thrills and pangs and stings;
They pass—and still—I am.

I am—

If I must pass without you,
If I must walk this way alone,
If I must hate or doubt you,
If I am warm or cold as stone—
If I am sore and bleeding,

Or if my heart with passion thrills,
I must step out unheeding—
Nor joy nor love nor sorrow kills,
I must abide my time,
For still—I am.

MO BRON.

Oh, I have lost my love, my love,
Oh, I have lost my love,
There's tumult raging in my heart;
It shrieks the wind above.

The waves dash over Fastnet Rock,
Set in an angry sea;
The winds howl ^{out} of a black sky,
But what is that to me?

My heart is wilder than the storm,
The winds shriek out my pain,
While lights grow dim on Fastnet Rock
And blur through driving rain.

The steamers pitch; the steamers toss;
A fisher's bahd goes down;
The women in the cabins pray
To God they may not drown.

No prayers say I, but walk the deck,
And watch the lightning flash,
Nor quiver at the blinding streak,
Nor quail at the loud crash.

There's tumult riding on the waves,
But what is that to me?
The wind howls out of the black sky,
And out of the black sea.

There's tumult raging in my heart,
It shrieks the wind above,
It dulls the tempest with its roar,
Oh, I have lost my love.

The lights are dim on Fastnet Rock,
They blur through driving rain,
But oh, the blackness on my soul,
And oh, my heart's wild pain!

Oh, I have lost my love, my love,
Oh, I have lost my love,
There's tumult raging in my heart;
It shrieks the wind above.

A BALLAD.

"Oh, Flanna of the fair hands,
There never was before,
Such wan, white skin on mortal
Such hair of dearg-or."

"Oh, Flanna of the fair hands,
Why sit you all the day,
And spin the thread, the gold thread
While Murtoogh rides away?"

"Oh, I must spin the gold thread,
To keep my heart at home,
To keep the fair hands busy,
So long as he may roam."

"And where away rides Murtoogh?"

"Like Murtoogh of the steeds,
He rides around all Ireland,
And does a hero's deeds."

"Sure that's an old-time story,
Of Murtooghs we have read,
But who shall praise these fair hands,
This hair of golden red?"

"No praise but his could please me,
My ears are deaf to all;
My thoughts are with brave Murtoogh,
And what may him befall."

"Oh, pale fair goddess spinning,
I'm under bonds to kneel,
And hold the threads of yellow
Beside your spinning wheel."

"Since you are under geasa,
Then must I let you stay,
To catch the yellow flax drift,
Nor find you in the way."

"'Tis gold you're pouring on me!
Then never cease to pour,
Sweet goddess of the wan skin,
And hair of dearg-or!"

"The yellow of your flax gold,
The red gold of your hair,
I'd be another Lorcan,
If I could steal my share."

"The fate of plundering Lorcans,
God grant you may not meet!"

"For such rich spoils and plunder,
I'd count the danger sweet."

"Oh, Flanna of the fair hands,
You should be on a throne.
On Magh Rath, I've a greenan,
Why sit you here alone?"

“Alone I’m never lonely.
Of Murtogh is my dream;
I stray by Srath-an-Fhiren,
And ’tis a pleasant stream.”

“Oh, Flanna of the fair hands,
If he returns no more,
’Tis I that prize that wan skin,
And hair of dearg-or.”

“If I spin twenty years flax,
And he return no more,
Then I shall tear with black grief,
My hair of dearg-or.”

TO A PHILANDERER.

Oh, gay Philanderer,
Be not deceived by her,
Tell her her face is fair,
And then escape the snare
She sets for such as thou.
Ah, boy, if you could know,
The deadly undertow
Her fatal beauty draws,
Perhaps my earnest cause
Would interest you now.

Leave her and come to me,
To cool serenity.
In virtue, and in praise
Of wisdom, end thy days.
Seek strong-limbed enterprise,
And wrest from her the crown
Of gold enwreathed renown,
And me imparadise.

I know the haunts of Wit,
The very source of it;
Have traced her unawares
Into her secret lares,
And knowledge found therein.
Come boy, and rest thy head
Upon my marriage bed,
And we shall strive and win.

LAST SLEEP.

Do not wake her—let her rest.
Folded arms upon her breast,
Do not break her slumber deep
Let her sleep—ah! let her sleep.

Do not say that she is dead.
Here she dropped her tired head,
Worn out with the long, hard day.
Let her rest, and come away.

Leave her; let her rest in peace,
Happy now in her release.
Free from pain and safe from harm,
Some dream child upon her arm.

Her dead husband she has found,
Her dead boys are sitting round
In a circle, at her feet,
She will find God's Heaven sweet.

Do not weep—ah! do not weep!
Hers is such a happy sleep,
Lay a rose upon her breast,
Come away, and let her rest.

A DIRGE.

Weep! He is dead! He is dead!
Light the candles at his head;
Set the death piece on his eyes;
Let your mournful quaoinin rise.

Weep! for him I loved is dead,
In these arms I comforted
His last hours. In slumber deep,
Angels guard his last, cold sleep.

Weep! for he is dead, is dead!
Round his dear, black, shining head,
Where the yellow candle gleams,
Twine the rue for happy dreams.

Weep, for all I loved is dead!
On my breast he dropped his head.
When I bent to breathe a prayer,
Pressed a kiss upon my hair.

Weep! for now to grief I'm wed.
Oh, the heart that lies there dead!
Oh, the soul that lies asleep,
Oh, the tears that I must weep.

LAEN.

Bright shone the clear October sun.
It danced upon our poplar trees,
And blue the sky above their tops,
And sweet the bonfire-scented breeze.

The red leaves showered to the ground.
I tried to catch the crimson spray,
As down the wide and pleasant street,
I made my smiling way.

And here, and there, and everywhere,
I turned my wandering feet;
Into the west where factories grim
Shut out the pleasant street.

And still was laughter on my lip,
For what have I to do with care?
I, smiling, passed, until I saw
That girl upon the basement stair.

She lifted up her sullen eyes.
Oh, God, the look upon her face,
A girl she was in years, I said,
Without a spark of girlhood's grace.

Her tale was written in her eyes.
Can I forget that sullen glance?
Ah, she was beaten! yes, but then
She never had her little chance.

She mocked me with her silent lips,
Oh, shallow world of pomp and style,
This derelict could cry you down
With one grim, bitter, twisted smile.

They caught her in unconscious youth,
They—God of Wrath!—what names have they?
The vampires of the city streets
That prowl about for luscious prey.

They took her for her fine brown hair—
That it was fine, we may suppose—
Her red cheeks—ah, they once were red?
And see: she has a slim, straight nose.

Was there a smile upon that mouth,
A laugh of youthful happiness,
A giggle bubbling from her lips,
A touch of healthy giddiness?

Whatever joy she knew is quenched,
And cruel hands have from her wrung
All traces of a happier time,
And God of Love, she still is young!

What matters now the golden world,
The clear and sweet October breeze,
The incense of dried leaves and smoke,
The crimson shower from the trees?

Was she worth while—well, she is lost!
What miracle of love could save
That girl upon the basement stair?
Oh, God; the sullen glance she gave!

DUCH AN DHURISH.

A red splotch on the western pane,
The sunset, your hot lips, the stain
Of that last kiss, your burning brows,
Your penitence for broken vows,
My long resisted unbelief,
That final tidal wave of grief—
Nothing can these from memory efface.

That orange flame across the sky,
Wavering beneath a tear-dimmed eye.
The darkness hiding half the room,
The bulging chairs that filled the gloom
Grotesquely; tiny scarlet gnomes
Of light that fled to catacombs
Of shade beyond, and lost themselves in space.

You held a goblet to my lips;
The western glow went out in an eclipse
Of shadows, creeping thick and brown
About me, and as I gulped down
The cooling drink with feverish haste;
You whispered, "What a bitter waste
Of love," and pressed your cheek against my face.

"Oh, worthy of a love more true!
Oh, sweet and tender heart, not you
Are loser by this sad mischance,

But I. The tool of circumstance
Were you, divinely sent to shed
Starlight upon my path," you said,
And wept above me tears of saving grace.

A moment caught beneath your spell
I paused, and then—"Ah, no! Farewell!
I Love you—lips, hands, eyes—
But more than you love God—so wise
Is it that you and I should part."
But oh! you strained me to your heart!
Nothing can this from memory efface.

L'ENVOI.

I'm weary and I've come to you to rest!
Because I'm weary and you know me best,
I want the soothing comfort of your breast.

I want to close my eyes and feel your arm,
Enfold, and draw me quite away from harm.
I want to sink to sleep beneath its charm.

I'm tired, and I want to slip away
Out of the vast excitement of the day.
I've come beloved—are you glad? to stay!

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